

This is the 2nd Draft to the Growing Around Pilot

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[Scene: Linda and Robert are walking home. A school bus full of adults is riding off behind them. Linda and Robert each have backpacks on]

Robert: How'd you do on the test today?

Linda: Look for yourself. [She hands Robert the page]

Robert: Wow [looks at it disbelief] How do you not know how to make a water balloon?

Linda: Seriously, when are we ever going to use this stuff? Let's just get home. I've got to make a phone call to Janet.

Robert: You need to start thinking about the consequences. These bad grades are really starting to pile up.

[They reach the stairs]

Linda: Look, I've had a hard day. I just want to relax. I'll deal with my grades later.

[They open the door and enter the house. Sally is on the couch playing a video game. Linda runs upstairs towards her room. Robert walks towards the kitchen]

Sally: Where are you going?

Robert: To the kitchen to do my homework. I want to just get it out of the way.

Sally: Oh no you don't mister!

Robert: D-did I do something wrong?

Sally: I'll bet you did. You forgot our little game last night. I've been practicing all day and I'm totally gonna whomp you at this game.

Robert: Can I please just finish my homework?

Sally: You can do your stupid homework after we have our game and I beat you.

Robert: [sigh] Alright, fine.

[They play video games for awhile]

Sally: UGH! Come on! Best 17 out of 33!?

Robert: Sally, I've really got to—

[Ring on the doorbell]

Sally: Oh come on! I'll go get it.

[Sally trips over Linda's rollerskate and crashes on the ground.]

Robert: [getting up] Sally are you okay!?

Sally: Yeah I think so [takes a look at the skate] Oh... LINDA!

Linda: [walks downstairs] Yeah Sally? Something you want?

Sally: Did you leave your roller skate here?

Linda: Um...

Sally: I could have gotten hurt. You know what this means don't you?

Linda: No...

Sally: You left your rollerskate lying around and that means you got to sniff it now.

[Sally is holding the rollerskate with a sinister grin]

Linda: What!? Why?

Sally: Well that's what you get for leaving it out like the bajillionth time. This week.

[Sally is holding the roller blade up to Linda while she's turning away in disgust. Another doorbell rings. Sally drops the rollerblade and heads towards the door]

Sally: Ugh, I'm coming! Don't think this gets you off the hook Linda. Put your rollerblade away.

[Sally opens the door to see reveal a little girl standing there. This is Kathy. She's Robert and Linda's teacher.]

Sally: Hi, can I help you?

Kathy: Hello, I'm Linda and Robert's teacher. I'd like to have a word with you.

[Linda's eyes widen. She drops the rollerskate in shock. She grabs Robert and pulls him into the next room]

Robert: What was that for!? Is anyone going to let me do my homework?

Linda: Robbie, our teacher is here!

[Robert peeks in to see Sally talking to Kathy]

Robert: So...?

Linda: Sally was going to make me sniff that sweaty, dirty rollerskate! What do you think she's going to do after talking to our teacher?

Robert: Do you even know why our teacher is here? And besides you were the one who left the skate out. Again. I'm surprised she didn't try to make you eat it—

Sally: Robert, can you come here?

Linda: Oh, you're in trouble!

[Robert walks to them nonchalantly]

Kathy: Hello Robert.

Robert: Hey... uh, what's going on?

Kathy: You probably noticed this lately, but Linda's grades have been slipping. It seems like she's focusing way more on friends than on schoolwork.

Robert: Okay... why are you telling me?

Sally: You know Linda. She didn't stop texting during dinner until I made her run up and down the street dressed in a monkey costume.

Kathy: [Giggle] Oh my...

Sally: I mean the only way she'd stop leaving her roller skates in the hall is if I made her eat them.

Robert: So... what did you have in mind?

[Huddled whispering]

[Later in the kitchen, Sally is cooking something. Kathy and Robert are at the table. Linda enters the room]

Linda: What's for dinner?

Sally: Chocolate chip cake, caramel-vanilla ice cream, and spaghetti

Linda: Well, that last one sounds

Sally: With a chocolate sauce.

Linda: Can't we ever eat something... healthier?

Sally: You're such a killjoy. Come on, it tastes delicious!

Kathy: So Robert, do you understand the consequences?

Robert: Yeah—I get it.

Linda: W-what's with him? What he'd do?

Sally: Oh, his grades are just slipping. He's going to have to take some extra classes. Maybe even be held back a grade.

Linda: Wow... I thought he was smarter than that.

[Robert and Kathy glares at Linda]

Sally: Well, that's what happens when you let your grades slip.

Linda: Ummm... so... good luck with that [starts leaving the room]

Sally: Not so fast old lady, we need your help.

Linda: But I was reading one of my favorite books!

Sally: Your icky romance book can wait. Your husband is a little more important right now.

Linda: Well, what did you have in mind?

Sally: Actually, the betterer question is "what do you have in mind?" I hear your grades a pretty good.

Linda: [nervously] um... yeah [camera sees a test with a D- in her backpack that she left on the flloor.

Sally: So what do you want him to do?

Linda: I... can make him do anything? [she looks over to Robert]

Sally: Whatever you want.

Linda: Well [she gets a sinister smile] since I've got the best grades, maybe Robbie should do whatever I say. You know, until he gets his grades back up.

Kathy: I'm glad you feel that way, cuz—

[A crash is heard from the other room]

Timmy: Who left this rollerskate in the hallway?

Sally: Uh-oh! Timmy's home from work.

Linda: Sorry! I'm coming!

Timmy: Linda, how many times are you going to leave this out here? Do you want to end up in the corner?

Linda: [goes to pick up the rollerskate] [half-gloating] Well, at least it's better than what Robert did. His grades are so bad that he might be staying back.

Timmy: Robert! Is this true?

[Sally and Robert look at each other]

Sally: No & Robert: Yes

[Sally and Robert stare at each other for a beat]

Sally: Yes & Robert: No

[Timmy enters the kitchen with Linda behind him]

Timmy: Well, which is it? Yes or no? [Looks at Kathy]

Kathy: Well... um...

[camera shows Sally nodding and Robert shaking his head]

Kathy: I gotta go... uh... cook... my dog. [Kathy beats awkward and blushes]

[Everyone stares at her]

Kathy: Uh... cook him dinner... uh yeah. Bye.

[She leaves the story]

Timmy: Come on guys! Tell me. Are Robert's grades bad right now?

[Sally and Robert stare at each other]

Linda: Well that's what they told me. In fact, they said that Robert should do whatever I say, since I've got the better grades. Isn't that right Sally?

Sally: Well... yeah... but....

Timmy: Alright then. Robert has to do whatever Linda says until his grades get betterer.

Robert: But wait!-- I didn't—!

Timmy: Nuh-uh, you ain't getting out of this one!

Linda: Come on Robbie, my room needs a bunch of cleaning

Robert: But I—

Timmy: Nyana-nanana, no go on!

[Robert and Linda go upstairs]

Sally: Um... Timmy, there's something that I've got to tell you.

[Scene upstairs. Linda's room is incredibly clean. Linda is on her bed.]

Linda: Well, what are you waiting for? I want this room looking like Timmy and Sally's.

Robert: [tossing some books and objects on the floor] You know Linda, your grades aren't the best in the world either.

Linda: I'm sure I'm doing absolutely fine.

[Robert is holding up a page with a D- on it]

Linda: Well, that was just an off day.

[Robert is holding up a page with an F- on it]

Linda: I had too many other projects, sue me.

[Robert is holding a page with a Z- on it]

Linda: Okay, so my grades are terrible too. At least they're better than yours.

[Robert is holding a page with a Z- on it, written "Linda, you have the lowest grades in class. You'll be held back if this keeps up"]

Linda: Fine! I'm terrible at school and my teacher thinks that I'm stupid! You probably think I'm stupid too!

Robert: Linda, you're not stupid.

[Scene cuts to downstairs with Timmy and Sally arguing]

Timmy: Well, why didn't you just say that Linda was the one getting bad grades!
[Holding one of Linda's failed tests] I mean what is this? "Thunder is caused by vibre-ations?" It's so obviously angels going bowling.

Sally: How many times have we told Linda to put away her rollerskates? Look, it's still there, even after I tried to make her sniff it.

Timmy: Wait, you did what?

Sally: That's not the point. We could ground her and she'll be all mopey-dopey for awhile, and she'll still be getting bad grades.

Timmy: That's not a reason not to try.

Sally: Is too!

Timmy: Is not!

Sally: It too

Timmy: One, two, three, four! I declare thumb war! That'll settle this.

[The two start having a thumb war]

Sally: Oh, you are so immature.

Timmy: I know you are, but what am I?

[Cuts back to Robert and Linda in Linda's bedroom]

Linda: [she's crying] Why are my grades so terrible!?

Robert: You just have trouble keeping track of things is all.

Linda: But... I don't want to be held back! I mean, what will Sally and Timmy think?

[Robert looks into her eyes]

Robert: Don't worry, they'll still love you no matter what.

Linda: What if I lose all of my friends?

Robert: You won't Linda, you have me. [They hug]

[Back down in the kitchen]

Timmy: Ha ha! I win!

Sally: [sticks her tongue out at Timmy]

Timmy: You're just mad because you lost.

Sally: Whatever.

Timmy: Well, let's go up and talk to her before she makes Robert go outside in a ballerina outfit.

[They go upstairs and crack open the door]

Robert: [Reading a text book] Coconuts. And that's why kids are in charge of adults.

Linda: Oh, that really makes a lot of sense.

[Sally and Timmy look at each other awkwardly.]

[Camera cuts back to Linda and Robert]

Linda: So you really don't think that I'm stupid?

Robert: How could I ever think something like that? I mean, you're short sighted and kinda messy, but by no means are you stupid.

Linda: Thanks. Smells like the cake is done. I wonder if dinner is ready.

Robert: Well let's go check.

[Timmy and Sally look at each other with eyes wide, panic, and bump into each other. Then they fall over]

Robert: Timmy, Sally? What are you guys doing up here?

Timmy: I-I think I broke my cookies.

[Scene downstairs in kitchen with dinner finally being served]

Timmy: [places the cake down on the table]

Linda: Are you sure we can't eat something... a little healthier?

Timmy: Oh come on guys, where's the adventure? Robbie, I'm taking Sally out to Lucky Cheeses. You help Linda study while we're gone.

Robert: Yeah sure—

Sally: [How do I look?]

[Sally enters the room wearing tons of jewelry and make-up that makes her almost look like a clown]

Linda: [practically cringing] You look great Sally.

Timmy: Well, let's go.

[The two of them leave the room and they both trip over the roller skate.]

Timmy & Sally: Linda!(End)